

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Devoted to Polite Literature;

Such as Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. &c.

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BOUTWELL'S CITY HOTEL, HUDSON.

THE above is a spirited engraving of an old, well-known and favorite hotel in the city of Hudson. It is situated in the principal street, near the Parade Ground, so justly celebrated for its beauty, overlooking the river and the adjacent country, and affording a fine promenade, unsurpassed by any other, for extent, richness, variety and magnificence of prospect and scenery.

A piazza extends along the entire front of the hotel, commanding a view of the city of Hudson, the village of Athens, the noble river, and an unbroken chain of the Catskill Mountains, among which may be discovered the far-famed Mountain House.

From the rear, the eye stretches over a vast extent of country, embracing in its view the rough outlines of the Berkshire and Catskill Mountains, gradually receding, until the eye can trace them no longer, when it is left to wander with infinite delight, over rich and ever varying landscapes. To add to the beauty and variety of the scene, the noble Hudson lies in full view, her bright waters dancing and sparkling in the sun, and her bosom covered with fleets of vessels, sluggishly beating in all directions, as fancy or interest moves the helm,—and, as if in rebuke for their tardiness—the proud and noisy steamer, may be seen driving and splashing along, leav-

ing all behind her, in defiance of wind or waves, forming altogether, a scene of unrivaled beauty and interest.

MR. BOUTWELL, the gentlemanly proprietor of the hotel, has long been favorably known to the traveling public, for the kindness and attention bestowed upon all who have visited his house; and the traveler, who seeks for comfort, hospitality, or magnificent views of natural scenery, will find all by sojourning at the CITY HOTEL in Hudson.

ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE RECLUSE OF THE FOREST, A Sketch of Truth.

BY S. COMPTON SMITH.

He was a man who had seen the wayward world—
Had tasted of its bitter fruits,
And being sick, had sought a hermitage;
Where living distant from the noise of men,
He might hold communion with himself,
And with secret prayer and pious purposes,
Retrieve the errors of the past.—Anonymous.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream!—Byron.

SOME years ago business and pleasure called me to the land of the sunny south. Winter had passed away, and Spring with her attendant train

of zephyrs and flowers had returned, and again lit up the fair landscape with her rejuvenating smiles. The birds, whose songs had not been hushed by the mild winter of a southern latitude, had replumed their wings, and their joyous notes floated with a sweeter melody on the fragrant air. The delicate *minosa sensitiva* with its sweet blossoms, had just sprung forth, and like a lovely young virgin in her native retirement, shrunk from the rude gaze of the passing stranger.

I was journeying on horseback through the southern part of Alabama, on my way to some river town, where I intended to dispose of my horse, and embark on board of a steam-boat bound to the "upper country." It was in the bright month of May, and my road for the most part, lay through the forest, where the tall rank grass and the many varieties of beautiful wild flowers, bespoke the prolific nature of the soil.

The woods of the South are not like the thorny and tangled forests of our own country, where it is impossible for the sportsman to chase the scanty game, except at the sacrifice of his hunting dress, parts of which, he is often mortified to find, as he looks behind him, ornamenting some ugly thorn thicket, through which, after infinite toil, he has at length struggled his way, at the expense of lacerated face and hands. While riding through the woodlands of the South, a stranger would hardly suppose he was in the wild abode of nature, but that the taste of man had here exerted its utmost powers of invention to form a scene where beauty and convenience might be combined. In many places, as far as the eye can extend, lies a level vista of green, interspersed at frequent intervals by groups of bright flowers, whose brilliant and diversified hues, add loveliness to the scene, which without them, would still be lovely. No undergrowth springs up to choke their luxuriance, or obstruct the progress of the traveler; but the tall and majestic trees, among which the magnolia with its large and pendant blossoms stands the fairest, rear their verdant branches far over head, and intermingling with each other, form a continued bower, which the scorching rays of the sun scarcely ever penetrate; and at mid day a soft twilight reigns over nature, casting a dark but pleasing hue over the wild flowers, and adding a deeper verdure to the waving grass. The monotony of the scene is relieved at intervals by herds of wild deer, quietly grazing along the banks of some little rivulet, whose bright waters, as they flow over their pebbly bottoms "murmuring sweet music," tempt the traveler to dismount and refresh himself and animal, with a pure draught from its transparent waves.

I was leisurely riding along through scenes like those just described, my bridle reins lying carelessly on the neck of my horse, who would often

take advantage of his master's indulgence by turning aside from the path, to nip some tuft of grass that grew more luxuriant than the rest. My thoughts had wandered away from the objects around me, and I was fancying myself in a beautiful grove near my native home, which will ever be dear to memory. I again clasped in imagination the hand of her I loved. Again I wandered by her side, and plucked the brightest wild flowers to deck her hair. Again I heard the music of that sweet voice, which had so often told me I was beloved. The pleasing vagaries of fancy were flitting through my mind, and I was wrapped in a delightful reverie, from which I was aroused by a heavy peal of thunder, followed immediately by a vivid flash of lightning. I looked up and saw that the sky was darkened by thick and heavy clouds. A thunder storm was coming on, and I began to look about me for some place of shelter, where I might escape from its effects.

As accident directed, I heard the barking of a dog, and following the direction of the sound, I struck a path which I knew by the signs led to the river—my route lying but a little distance from the Tuscaloosa. The barking of the dog approached nearer and nearer, and I thought, that instead of following the sound, the dog was making advances towards me. I was soon convinced of this, for a large bull-dog with a savage howl, sprung from a thicket as if with a determination to devour me, horse and all. I reined up my horse, and with a cocked pistol in my hand, stood waiting for him to come near enough to insure a true aim. The animal was within a bound or two of my stirrup, and my finger was about to press the trigger of my pistol, when the attention of the dog was turned from me for an instant, by a shrill whistle which proceeded from the other side of the thicket, and presently I heard the voice of a man addressing the dog—"Down Nero, down! cannot a stranger pass this way without your permission?—down dog!"

The animal stopped his barking, but still kept his large fierce eyes bent on mine as he crouched himself upon the ground. I returned my pistol to my belt, and watched the thicket for the appearance of the person, who from his possessing such an influence over the dog, I supposed to be his master.

I was not long waiting, when a tall and handsome man, apparently about thirty, advanced towards me, and with the easy and respectful manners of a gentleman saluted me. "He hoped I would excuse the ill nature of his dog, who with his master had been so long excluded from the world, that he regarded every stranger as an intruder."

The dog who had been watching the countenance of the gentleman, discovered he had nothing to fear from me; and after skipping around my horse and wagging his tail with an expression which seemed to say, "you are welcome to our solitudes," was soon out of sight.

I explained to the stranger the reason of my leaving the direct path through the forest, and inquired if there was any place of shelter near by, where I might find protection from the approaching storm.

"There is none within some miles except my

rude cabin, which is but little fitted for the reception of the tired traveler; but such as it is you are welcome to its shelter till the storm shall have passed."

I cheerfully accepted of his invitation, and turning an angle of the path followed the stranger. Another peal of thunder echoed through the forest, and the large drops of rain were just trickling through the tops of the trees, when the stranger turned and pointed out to me his home. It was indeed what he had told me, a "rude cabin," having been built and formerly occupied, as I afterwards learned, by Indians, who a few years before, were the possessors of that part of the country. It was a small square building of logs, from which the bark had been peeled, to form a thatch for the roof. A large door, the shutter of which, formed of coarse slabs split by the hand of the rude architect from the pine tree, was thrown half open. The door served the double purpose of admitting the occupant and the light of the day. At a little distance was another building, which had the appearance of being used for a horse stable. I found that the dog had preceded us and was awaiting our arrival at the door. With a courteous smile the Recluse, for so we will now call him, welcomed me to his "hermitage." An old negro, who had been engaged preparing his master's dinner, came out and stripping the saddle from my horse, led him to the shelter.

"You will smile perhaps, and call me a cynic," said he as we entered the hut, "when I tell you that this rude home of mine, buried deep in this wild forest, with you old negro, my faithful servant, and honest Nero for companions, is dearer to me than the most gilded palace of the vain and heartless world could ever be."

"I cannot imagine," replied I, "what could have been your inducements thus to immure yourself from the world, which to me holds out so many enjoyments. But doubtless you have your reasons, and it would be indecorous in me to inquire into them." A dark shade stole across his face as he replied,

"You are right, I have reasons for thus preferring a seclusion, which perhaps, to you, would render life miserable. But be seated; the storm will probably continue for some hours, and even my poor entertainment is better than an exposure to its influence."

Though the exterior of the hut was so unpromising, I found that the interior had been fitted up in a style where comfort and refinement had been studied. In one corner of the room, over a couch, was suspended a finely burnished rifle and fowling piece and other hunting apparatus, with fishing tackle, &c. On the opposite side was a mahogany book case, through the glass panels of which was seen a tastily arranged library, and on a table in another corner, I discovered pens, ink and papers, and other paraphernalia of a man of literary taste. The Recluse caught my eye as it wandered over these things, and with a gratified smile observed my astonishment.

"You now see perhaps, that my secluded life is not the wretched existence of a prisoner who is shut involuntarily from the society of the world, and deprived of the little blessings, of which you see I am the possessor."

"I have often," I replied, "in my imaginative hours fancied such a retirement as this, where being distant from the din and tumult of the quarreling world, I might court happiness in the wild solitudes of nature, and with a choice selection of books and the other adjuncts of enjoyment, forget that I had ever mingled amid the haunts of heartless men. You are doubtless happy here?"

"I cannot say that I am exactly happy, but since I have exchanged the world for this retirement, I have tasted many enjoyments which I never knew before, and have escaped many sorrows, which it was my misfortune to have previously encountered."

I suggested the idea that the society of "sweet woman" might add to the happiness of his secluded home. I found that I had ventured on forbidden ground—that I had touched a chord, whose vibrations awoke the music of the past; and the trembling lip told me to leave a subject so unwelcome.

"Woman has been the bane of my existence—the evil star of my destiny," he exclaimed, "and it is her absence from these scenes, that endears them to me."

I began to suspect that his love of retirement proceeded not so much from motives of philosophy, as from a disgust of the world—that his had been the "sickness of the heart." The clouds of disappointment had, perhaps, cast their baneful shadow over his path, and he had sought this solitude to vent upon himself his misanthropic spleen.

I found my suspicions were correct, for on opening a book which was lying on the table, my attention was directed to the following bitter effusion of his feelings, written on one of the blank leaves, in an hour, perhaps, when some reminiscence of the past had occurred to remind him of a subject he would willingly forget.

O! what is "Woman's love?"

It is a *cheating lie*—a brittle bubble,
That glistens only while the sun doth shine!
And then how bright and glorious are its hues!
But when a passing cloud steals between it and the sun,
All its rainbow tints are fled!—and then—
It floats like filthy scum upon the tide!

It is an *evening meteor's blaze*,

That streams all brightly for a while,
And gilds each object round,
Till by its own fires consumed,
It bursts—and leaves the darkened skies!

Aye, "Woman's love!"

Is like the *adder*, with its soft and silky skin,
Painted with all the gay and beauteous colors
That cunning Nature's hand can give—
Which tempts the wretch to grasp and hug it to his breast—
Till undecieved too late, he finds
Its poisonous fangs deep fastened in the heart;
And all the sweetest springs of life
Turned to bitterest gall!

Such is "Woman's love!"

And sooner my salvation would I trust
To one short and fleeting hour—when hope had fled,
And mercy's ear were closed
To all the suppliant wretch's prayer—
When God himself were wanting in the power to save—
Than trust my heart again to woman's keeping—
To lay my head on woman's breast,
And vainly, madly hope to find
Truth in changing "woman's love!"

The storm passed over, the sun had dispelled the dark clouds, and was smiling on a lovely

scene, where every bough seemed bending with the weight of a thousand bright gems. Nature seemed weeping joyous tears, through which her loveliest smiles were blended. I thanked the Recluse for his kind hospitality, and remounting my horse, bid him farewell, and was soon again on my way through the forest.

Four years had passed away since the occurrence above related. Business again led me to the South, and traveling on my homeward route through Alabama, I thought I would leave my direct road to seek my old acquaintance, the Recluse.

It was with much difficulty I could recognize the path which led to it—it was now a hard beaten road, having the appearance of being much traveled. I anticipated much pleasure with my old friend, and looked anxiously for the appearance of faithful old Nero, to make my coming known to his master. No dog came—all was silent—I rode on and soon came in sight of the old cabin—the door was thrown half open as on my first visit—but there was an air of neglect and desolation about it—the roof that was then so snugly thatched and gave me protection from the storm, was now broken, and the whole building seemed unworthy of occupancy. I rode up through the weeds which had choked up the path, to the door, and discovered what I feared, was true,—it was tenantless, and falling to decay. What had become of the occupant? had he here taken his last look upon a world of which he had long been sick—had he died here in this solitude, or had the world's alluring lights again tempted him forth to listen to its siren voices? Disappointed I turned away. The sun was almost down, and I had several miles yet to go before I could reach a place where I intended to spend the night.

I had not ridden far, when I found myself approaching a plantation. It was new and had been made since my visit to the Recluse. At a little distance, the neat white dwellings, peeping from a grove of sweet gums and China trees, bespoke the taste of the proprietor. Every thing around wore such an air of comfort and refinement, and my horse being fatigued with a long day's journey, that I determined to ride up to the gate and solicit hospitality for the night. The dwelling of the planter, and the cabins of the servants, were in the center of the plantation, and as I passed up the lane leading to them, the bright faces of the negroes I met, with their clean white shirts, contrasting with their ebony skins, told me that theirs was a kind and provident master. I alighted at the gate and found myself the welcome guest of my old entertainer, the Recluse of the forest! I will be brief and in a few words state the outline of his history since I made his acquaintance. A few months after my visit to his retirement, accident made him acquainted with a lovely young lady. He had become a "woman hater," but now her image haunted all his waking hours and gilded with happiness all his dreams. By degrees he again mingled with the world, and learned that mankind was not so utterly depraved as he had fancied. He loved and his love was reciprocated, in short, he married, and is now happy in the fond capacity of husband and father!

FIRST LOVE.

THERE are moments in the life of us all which are worth the rest of our existence; and perhaps, it is one of them when the pure and guileless heart first discovers that it loves and is beloved; at least, any one who saw Helen Stanhope, the heroine of our simple tale, would have thought so.

She was sitting where her first love letter had found her, re-reading its contents, until every burning and passionate word was graven on her heart forever; the color mantling her fair cheek, and the light buoyant spirit smiling over her face, until one might have almost fancied it the countenance of an angel, so little trace could be discerned of the earthly care or sorrow. These deep and delightful feelings were interrupted by the entrance of her mother.

"Have you heard from our dear Lydia?" inquired Mrs. Stanhope.

Helen timidly gave the letter to her mother, and eagerly watched her countenance as she perused it. There was nothing in its fond and gratified expression to check the warm and glowing stream of her own thoughts, and flinging herself in her mother's arms, she hid her blushing face in her bosom.

"There is one thing, my dear Helen," said Mrs. Stanhope, when they had both become somewhat more composed, "there is one thing which gives me some little uneasiness;—not that I entertain a single doubt of the honor and disinterested affection of Sir Harry Lawton, but it is possible, from his having always met you here, moving in a style of elegance and affluence, he may be unconscious that your usual residence is a farm-house, and that you are portionless and lowly born."

Helen looked up with a momentary expression of doubt, but it passed away in an instant, and she smiled in youthful confidence and trust, and said,

"Mother, will you see Harry Lawton when he comes this evening, and tell him every thing? Then, if he repent of one single word here traced, it shall be to me as if it had never been written. But should he remain unchanged?"

She paused in confusion, and deep blushes mantled over her face and neck. Mrs. Stanhope read and understood every feeling of her guileless heart, and promised to do as she had wished.

It would be making Helen out more than a woman if I were to deny, that between then and the hour appointed for the baronet's visit, she never once feared as well as hoped for its result, and recalled his high spirit and lofty bearing with foreboding sadness. But then he loved her! and love to the young is an almighty and all prevailing power, which will ultimately surmount and subdue every obstacle in its path.

Presently she heard his knock—his step upon the stairs—and the tone of his voice reached her ears, it might be for the last time—the drawing-room door closed—the crisis of her fate was come, and she sat down by her little work table and buried her face in her hands.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour elapsed before Mrs. Stanhope appeared, and one glance at her countenance was enough for Helen; her long restrained emotion gushed forth without control,

and the tears she shed were those of joy and thankfulness.

"I know how foolish it is to cry when I am so happy," she said, raising her dark eyes, still glittering through their dewy fringe; "but I could not help it, my heart felt bursting." Mrs. Stanhope affectionately kissed her daughter's cheek, and led her to her impatient lover.

If there were moments when Sir Harry thought of his noble house, his proud aristocratic father, it was when far removed from the witchery of Helen's voice and smile. In her presence every thing was forgotten but her.

Mrs. Stanhope had come to town to receive a small legacy bequeathed to her by an aged relative, and that business at length concluded, she determined no longer to trespass on the hospitality of the kind friend, who had invited them to make her house their home during their stay. An early day was, therefore, fixed for their return to the farm, where she resided with an only brother; looking after his house, and supplying the place of a mother to the beautiful Lydia Dalton, his only child.

The change from their present way of living to the bustle of home would doubtless be felt by both mother and daughter; but it was not that Helen dreaded, it was the separation from her lover. With her mother's permission, she promised to correspond with him, and it was agreed, that the following summer he should come down and claim his betrothed bride. Sir Harry accompanied them to the end of the first stage, and then quitting them with regret set off for the dwelling of his father, Lord Rivers, in Wales.

Mr. Dalton received his sister and niece with his usual kindness, and congratulated the latter on her conquest.—Not so Lydia, she appeared sullen and reserved; visions of splendor had sprung up in her young mind, and their influence on her manners speedily became visible to Frank Egerton her old lover, who marked the alteration with anger and regret. From the moment of Helen's return a reserve and coolness took the place of the warm sisterly affection with which the cousins had hitherto regarded each other; and when two months had elapsed without bringing any tidings of Sir Harry, Lydia was never tired of taunting her cousin with the desertion of her noble lover, until Helen might have exclaimed in the words of an old and popular Scotch ballad—

"That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell:
I'm fashed wi' their scornin',
Baith evening and morning,
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell."

But she was too happy and too trusting not to bear all this with indifference, and her meek and gentle replies often went to the heart of her thoughtless cousin, who, but for a bitter spirit of envy, would have fallen on her neck and prayed to be forgiven.

The long and anxiously looked for epistle at length arrived, to gladden the heart of her to whom it was addressed.—Its contents would be as interesting to the general reader as all love letters usually are, save to the parties concerned. Be it sufficient to know, that it contained "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—but it is quickly followed by another from the father of her lover, which consisted only of a few brief and chilling sentences.

"He had heard of the engagement, or rather say *entanglement*, of his son. Miss Stanhope must be aware that the alliance would be a most unequal one; and he relied on her honor and good feelings to break it off, and to return any letters which Sir Harry might in future send to her, unanswered and unopened." He concluded by assuring her that their union could only be consummated at the risk of his eternal male-diction.

Long did the desolate girl sit with this letter in her hand, which had so rudely crushed every bright and fondly cherished hope. Mrs. Stanhope offered no consolation; she well knew that in the first burst of human misery, it was mockery. But she bent over and silently kissed the pale brow of the youthful sufferer, until roused by her caresses, poor Helen remembered that she had yet a mother, a fond, anxious mother; and for the sake of that beloved parent, she strove to shake off the oppression which seemed weighing her spirit to the earth, and to reflect on what was proper to be done in this hour of painful trial.

She could not bear to part from Sir Harry, without one single word of explanation or adieu, and therefore enclosed a few lines to him, in a letter addressed to lord Rivers; in which she begged to assure his lordship, that his confidence had not been misplaced, and that, without his consent, Harry Lawton would never be more to her than a very dear friend. Her farewell was affectionate and womanly; a wish to spare his feelings caused the suppression of much of that tenderness, which her broken heart had longed to pour out before him; and passing over what she felt, in silence, she entreated him to forget her, and called on Heaven to shower down its choicest blessings on her who might be his future love.

Pure minded as Helen was, and unhackneyed in the world's ways, it never occurred to her to suspect that lord Rivers would suppress the note entrusted to his care. This was actually the case. His lordship was himself too much moved by the touching appeal of the devoted girl, to suffer it to pass into the hands of his son; Sir Harry remained in total ignorance of any correspondence having taken place between his father and betrothed. Her long silence however surprised him, and when he found every letter returned unopened, he soon ceased to humble his proud spirit before one who thus scorned and trifled with him. There was no mediating voice to whisper how often these precious epistles had been pressed to the lips and heart of her to whom they were addressed; and what bitter tears had been shed over them before she consigned them to her mother, to enclose and direct them to one, whose loved name must never be traced by her again.

The morning after Helen had received lord Rivers' letter, she unclosed her eyes with a vague and dreamy recollection of the occurrence. Again she slumbered on her pillow, and prayed to be permitted to slumber on a little longer in forgetfulness; but her hand resting on a locket she wore, all the vivid remembrances of lost happiness started up and weighed on her mind like lead. She groaned in anguish and bitterness of spirit, and as she raised her eyes to heaven, she,

for the first time, became aware that some one was sitting beside her bed, and watching tenderly over her troubled repose. It was Lydia, her eyes swollen with crying, her countenance subdued by sorrow.—She lifted the burning hand of the young sufferer to her lips, and wept over it; they were tears of penitence and regret.

"Forgive me! Oh! forgive me!" she sobbed out, "and let us love one another again, as we used to do."

Helen flung her arms around her cousin's neck, and laid her weary head upon her bosom; "I have at length regained a friend," she said, "and for the rest, thy will, oh God! not mine, be done. Teach me, I implore thee, to bear thy chastening meekly, and with a thankful spirit."

Long did the two girls pray to Him who alone can send an answer of peace, and the calmness she sought once more gleamed on Helen's brow, as she returned the fond kiss of her anxious mother, and affectionate smile of her warm hearted uncle.

From that moment the name of Sir Harry Lawton became an unknown sound, and his very remembrance gradually passed away from the minds of all save one, who secretly cherished it in her heart. She often longed to speak of him to her mother; to ask her if she thought he could have obeyed his father's mandate and forgotten her; but the words died away upon her lips unuttered, and she continued to suffer in uncomplaining silence. Lydia, cured of her momentary thirst for splendor, returned to her old habits. But her own recovered happiness did not render her unmindful of the total wreck of her cousin's, and she was constantly forming little plans and parties of pleasure, to wean Helen from dwelling on the past, who was too grateful for her kindness, not to endeavor to look pleased and happy.

And she succeeded so well, that even, her watchful mother was deceived.—There is but one to whom the secret mysteries of the human heart are known and He regardeth its sorrows in love and in mercy.

The following summer brought an addition to their little parties, in the person of a Mr. Ackhurst, who came down to L—— for his health, and rented the next house to that occupied by Mr. Dalton. Helen met him first at the residence of a friend, and attracted by something in the demeanor of the feeble old man exerted herself to please and amuse him; and, in spite of his stern and reserved manners, she succeeded. She was glad to take his arm during their evening walks, in preference to making that unlucky number, a third, where two of the parties happen to be lovers.

And when his feeble steps could no longer keep pace with the buoyant activity of Frank and Lydia, she would rest with him on a rustic seat, until the lovers felt inclined to return. On one of these occasions, Helen had gathered a profusion of flowers, and sat at his feet wreathing them into garlands, and listening to his words, and replying to his remarks with the affectionate attention of a child.

"By the bye," said Mr. Ackhurst, abruptly, "I heard from a dear young friend of mine, yesterday—Sir Harry Lawton!"

The flowers dropped from the trembling hand of Helen, and looking eagerly up, she exclaimed

in a wild and passionate tenderness, "Tell me—is he well? Is he happy?"

But sadder thoughts succeeded this burst of irrepressible emotion, and she bent down in silence to collect the scattered flowers, while her tears fell on them like rain.

"Did you know him then?" inquired the old man with a keen glance.

"Yes—he visited at the house where I was staying, while in London."

"He is about to be married!"

Helen wrung her hands, but no exclamation escaped her trembling lips.

"A report to the same effect reached me some time ago," continued Mr. Ackhurst, either unmindful or unconscious of the pain which he was inflicting: "But I believe that his father, lord Rivers, acted very ill in that affair; sacrificing two young and fond hearts at the altar of his accursed pride and ambition."

Helen trembled at the vehemence with which he spoke. "His lordship was not surely so much to blame," she said in a soothing tone. "He probably had higher and nobler views for his only son, which an alliance with an unknown and portionless girl would have frustrated or destroyed."

"Did she love him? did the girl love him?" said the old man.

"Dearer, far dearer than her own existence."

"Then woe to him, who on any pretence has sought to divide them."

"Still a father's ambition and pride, may be urged in behalf of lord Rivers," said Helen after a long and painful silence.

"Do you plead for him?" said the old man, parting away the bright curls from her forehead and gazing sadly and tenderly on her face.

"Oh! God! this is too much—I cannot bear it."

In striving to soothe the anguish which shook his feeble frame, Helen forgot for a while, her own cause of suffering; and this last, worst blow of all, Harry Lawton's inconstancy! Yet she had bade him forget her and be happy; vainly trusting in her own strength, and thinking that she should rejoice in such an event. The moment of bitter trial discovered to her, her weakness and her all-enduring love.

They had both somewhat recovered their composure when the lovers returned; but Lydia's clear ringing laugh smote painfully on the ear of her unhappy cousin.

"You have not been idle, I see," said Frank Egerton, pointing to the flowers, and lifting up a wreath of white roses, he placed it on the brow of Helen, and asked Lydia, if she did not look like a bride in it.

The allusion was too much for the almost broken-hearted girl, and uttering a low thrilling exclamation, she sank fainting at his feet—and in that state was borne home to her anxious and alarmed mother.

The following morning, at an early hour, Mr. Ackhurst called at the farm to inquire after the health of the invalid. His step was firmer than it had been for many weeks, and a self-satisfied smile played over his aged face!—Helen was up and sitting at the open casement; but she still looked pale and sorrowful. The old gentleman took her burning hand, and pressing it affection-

ately bade her place her trust in Providence, and prophesied that many happy days were yet in store for her.

Helen shook her head with a sad smile, but yet she felt grateful to him for his kindness and attention. Some days afterwards by the advice of her mother, who thought the air would do her good, Helen ventured out, leaning on the arm of Mr. Ackhurst and Lydia. The quiet beauty of a summer's evening, shed its holy influence over her calmed spirits; and her affectionate cousin marked with pleasure the kindling of her hitherto pale cheeks. The sounds of an approaching vehicle were heard, and a traveling carriage covered with dust, dashed by them with great rapidity; in another instant it stopped abruptly, and a young man alighted and advanced towards them. One glance at his manly form was enough for Helen; she trembled violently, and clung convulsively to the arms of her companions for support.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Sir Harry, as he approached near enough distinctly to recognize them. "My father and my Helen!"

His father! The whole truth burst suddenly on the mind of the bewildered girl as she heard these words: the whole blessed truth; and she felt that there were indeed happy days yet in store for her. The soothing voice of her lover did not serve to dispel the mists which were gathering over her mind. She felt like one in a dream.—She was conscious that their hands were joined, and a father's blessing breathed upon them; then all was a blank until the tears and caresses of Lydia recalled her again to life—to a new existence of hope and joy.

Lord Rivers was not naturally a bad hearted man, although selfish and ambitious; and the anguish he saw his son daily enduring, while under the conviction that her he so passionately loved was false and unworthy of him, smote him to the heart. At first he trusted to the sophistry of those who assert that time, or change of scene can eradicate a deeply rooted affection; but the wasting form of Sir Harry taught him the fallacy of such a trust; and at length he determined to see and judge of the beauties and virtues of her who had so enthralled the mind of his son.

The quiet and touching sorrow which so strongly marked her countenance and manner, and the affectionate confidence and attention which Helen bestowed on the destroyer of her peace soon subdued and softened every proud and aristocratic prejudice; and he at length wrote that letter to Sir Harry which had been the means of bringing him down to L——.

All this was explained in fewer words than I have taken to write it.—And if Helen noticed that her lover looked paler and somewhat graver and older than when they last met, and he observed her fragile and delicate form, each remembered that it was love which had wrought the change.

There is but little more to tell, as I shall not attempt to describe or particularize their joyous and simple bridal, or the feelings of the beautiful bride, when Frank Egerton held up the wreath of faded roses before her, and reminded her of the prophecy. They were of mingled happiness and gratitude to that God who had wrought so mercifully for her, since then changing her

mourning into joy. And Lord Rivers, in his declining years cheered by her smiles, or soothed by her affectionate tenderness, found no cause to wish that the wife of his son had been other than the gentle Helen.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

DESCRIPTION OF PETRÆ, THE LONG-LOST CAPITAL OF EDMOM.

PETRÆ, the excavated city, the long-lost capital of Edom, in the Scriptures and profane writings, in every language in which its name occurs, signifies a rock; and through the shadows of its early history, we learn that its inhabitants lived in natural clefts or excavations made in the solid rock. Desolate as it now is, we have reason to believe that it goes back to the time of Esau, "the father of Edom;" that princes and dukes, eight successive kings, and again a long line of dukes, dwelt there before any king "reigned over Israel;" and we recognize it from the earliest ages as the central point to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious commodities of the East, and from which these commodities were distributed through Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, even Tyre and Sidon deriving their purple and dyes from Petræ. Eight hundred years before Christ, Amaziah, the king of Judea, "slew of Edom in the Valley of Salt ten thousand, and took Selah, (the Hebrew name of Petræ) by war." Three hundred years after the last of the prophets, and nearly a century before the Christian era, the "King of Arabia" issued from his palace at Petræ, at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot, entered Jerusalem, and, uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans; and in the beginning of the second century, though its independence was lost, Petræ was still the capital of a Roman province. After that time it rapidly declined; its history became more and more obscure; for more than a thousand years it was completely lost to the civilized world; and, until its discovery by Burckhardt in 1812, except to the wandering Bedouins its very site was unknown.

And this was the city at whose door I now stood. In a few words, this ancient and extraordinary city is situated within a natural amphitheatre of two or three miles in circumference, encompassed on all sides by rugged mountains five or six hundred feet in height. The whole of this area is now a waste of ruins, dwelling-houses, palaces, temples, and triumphant arches, all prostrate together in undistinguishable confusion. The sides of the mountains are smooth, in a perpendicular direction, and filled with long and continued ranges of dwelling-houses, temples, and tombs, excavated with vast labor out of the solid rock; and while there summits present Nature in her wildest and most savage form, their basis are adorned with all the beauty of architecture and art, with columns and porticoes, and pediments, and ranges of corridors, enduring as the mountains out of which they are hewn, and fresh as if the work of a generation scarcely yet gone by.

Nothing can be finer than the immense rocky rampart which encloses the city.—Strong, firm, and immoveable as Nature itself, it seems to decide the walls of cities, and the puny fortifications of skillful engineers. The only access is by clambering over this wall of stone, practicable only in one place, or by an entrance the most extraordinary that Nature, in her wildest freaks, has ever framed. The loftiest portals ever raised by the hands of man, the proudest monuments of architectural skill and daring, sink into insignificance by the comparison. It is, perhaps, the most wonderful object in the world, except the ruins of the city to which it forms the entrance.

For about two miles it lies between high and precipitous ranges of rocks, from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, standing as if torn asunder by some great convulsion, and barely wide enough for two horsemen to pass abreast. A swelling stream rushes between them; the summits are wild and broken; in some places overhanging the opposite sides, casting the darkness of night upon the narrow defile; then receding and forming an opening above through which a strong ray of light is thrown down, and illuminates with the blaze of day the frightful chasm below. Wild fig-trees, and oleanders were growing out of the rocky sides of the cliffs hundreds of feet above our heads; the eagle was screaming above us; all along were the open doors of tombs, forming the great Necropolis of the city; and at the extreme end was a large open space with a powerful body of light thrown down upon it, and exhibiting in one full view the facade of a beautiful temple hewn out of the rock, with rows of Corinthian columns and ornaments, standing out fresh and clear as if but yesterday from the hands of the sculptor. Though coming directly from the banks of the Nile, where the preservation of the temples excites the admiration and astonishment of every traveler, we were roused and excited by the extraordinary beauty and excellent condition of the great temple at Petræ. Even in coming upon it as we did, at disadvantage, I remember that Paul, who was a passionate admirer of the arts, when he first obtained a glimpse of it, involuntarily cried out, and moving on to the front with a vivacity I never saw him exhibit before or afterward, clapped his hands, and shouted in ecstasy. To the last day of our being together, he was in the habit of referring to his extraordinary fit of enthusiasm when he first came upon that temple; and I can well imagine that, entering by this defile, with the feelings roused by its extraordinary and romantic beauty, the first view of that superb facade must produce an effect which could never pass away. Even now, that I have returned to the pursuits and thought-engrossing incidents of a life in the busiest city in the world, often in situations as widely different as light from darkness, I see before me the facade of that temple; neither the Coliseum at Rome, grand and interesting as it is, nor the ruins of the Acropolis at Athens, nor the Pyramids, nor the mighty temple of the Nile, are so often present to my memory.

The whole temple, its columns, ornaments, porticoes, and porches, are cut out from and form a part of the solid rock; and this rock at the foot of which the temple stands like a mere print,

towers several hundred feet above its face cut smooth to the very summit, and the top remaining wild and mishapen as Nature made it. The whole area before the temple is perhaps an acre in extent, enclosed on all sides except at the narrow entrance, and an opening to the left of the temple, which leads into the area of the city by a pass through perpendicular rocks five or six hundred feet in height.

Leaving the temple and the open area on which it fronts, and following the stream, we entered another defile much broader than the first, on each side of which were ranges of tombs, with sculptured doors and columns; and on the left in the bosom of the mountain, hewn out of the solid rock, is a large theatre, circular in form, the pillars in front fallen, and containing thirty-three rows of seats, capable of containing more than three thousand persons. Above the corridor was a range of doors opening to chambers in the rocks, the seats of the princes and wealthiest inhabitants of *Petræ*, and not unlike a row of private boxes in a modern theatre.

The whole theatre is at this day in such a state of preservation, that if the tenants of the tombs around could once more rise into life they might take their old places on its seats, and listen to the declamation of their favorite player. To me the stillness of a ruined city is nowhere so impressive as when sitting on the steps of its theatre; once thronged with the gay and pleasure-seeking, but now given up to solitude and desolation. Day after day these seats had been filled, and the now silent rocks had echoed to the applauding shout of thousands; and little could an ancient Edomite imagine that a solitary stranger, from a then unknown world, would one day be wandering among the ruins of his proud and wonderful city, meditating upon a race that has for ages passed away. Where are ye, inhabitants of this desolate city? ye who once sat on the seats of this theatre the young, the high-born, the beautiful, the brave; who once rejoiced in your riches and power, and lived as if there was no grave?—Where are ye now? Even the very tombs, whose open doors are stretching away in long ranges before the eyes of the wondering traveler, cannot reveal the mystery of your doom; your dry bones are gone; the robber has invaded your graves, and your very ashes have been swept away to make room for the wandering Arab of the desert.

But we need not stop at the days when a gay population were crowding to this theatre. In the earliest period of recorded time, long before this theatre was built, and long before the tragic muse was known, a great city stood here. When *Esau*, having sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, came to his portion among the mountains of *Seir*; and *Edom*, growing in power and strength, became presumptuous and haughty, until, in her pride, when *Israel* prayed a passage through her country, *Edom* said unto *Israel*, "Thou shalt not pass by me, lest I come out against thee with the sword."

Amid all the terrible denunciations against the land of *Idumea*, "her cities and the inhabitants thereof," this proud city among the rocks, doubtless for its extraordinary sins, was always marked as a subject of extraordinary vengeance. "I

have sworn by myself," saith the Lord, "that *Bozrah* (the strong, or fortified city) shall become a desolation, a reproach, and a waste, and a curse, and all the cities thereof shall be a perpetual waste. Lo, I will make thee small among the heathen, and despised among men. Thy ferbleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thy heart, oh thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rocks, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down," saith the Lord." "They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof, and it shall be a habitation for dragons, and a court for owls."

I would that the skeptic could stand as I did among the ruins of this city among the rocks, and there open the sacred book and read the words of the inspired penman, written when this desolate place was one of the greatest cities in the world. I see the scoff arrested, his cheek pale, his lip quivering, and his heart quaking with fear, as the ruined city cries out to him in a voice loud and powerful as that of one risen from the dead; though he would not believe *Moses* and the prophets, he believes the hand-writing of *God* himself in the desolation and external ruin around him. We sat on the steps of the theatre, and made our noon-day meal; our drink was from the pure stream that rolled down at our feet. *Paul* and myself were alone. We scared the partridge before us as we ascended, and I broke for a moment the stillness of the desolate city by the report of my gun.

All around the theatre, in the sides of the mountains were ranges of tombs; and directly opposite they rose in long tiers one above another. Having looked into those around the theatre, I crossed to those opposite; and, carefully as the brief time I had would allow, examined the whole range. Though I had no small experience in exploring catacombs and tombs, these were so different from any I had seen that I found it difficult to distinguish the habitations of the living from the chambers of the dead. The facades or architectural decorations were everywhere handsome; and in this they differed materially from the tombs in *Egypt*; in the latter the doors were simply an opening in the rock, and all the grandeur and beauty of the work within; while here the door was always imposing in its appearance, and the interior was generally a simple chamber unpainted and unsculptured.

I say that I could not distinguish the dwellings from the tombs; but this was not invariably the case; some were clearly tombs, for there were pits in which the dead had been laid and others were as clearly dwellings, being without a place for the deposit of the dead. One of these last particularly attracted my attention. It consisted of one large chamber, having on one side, at the foot of the wall, a stone bench about a foot high, and two or three broad, in form like the divans in the East at the present day; at the other end were several small apartments, hewn out of the rock, with partition walls left between them, like stalls in a stable, and these had probably been the sleeping apartments of the different members of the family, the mysteries of bars and bolts, of folding doors and third stories, being

unknown in the days of the ancient *Edomites*. There were no paintings or decorations of any kind within the chamber; but the rock out of which it was hewn, like the whole stony rampart that encircled the city, was of a peculiarity and beauty that I never saw elsewhere, being a dark ground, with veins of white, blue, red, purple, and sometimes scarlet and light orange, running through it in rainbow streaks; and within the chambers, where there had been no exposure to the action of the elements, the freshness and beauty of the colors in which these waving lines were drawn gave an effect hardly inferior to that of the paintings in the tombs of the kings at *Thebes*. From its high and commanding position, and the unusual finish of the work, this house, if so it may be called, had no doubt been the residence of one who had strutted his hour of brief existence among the wealthy citizens of *Petræ*. In front was a large table of rock, forming a sort of court for the excavated dwelling, where probably, year after year, in this beautiful climate, the *Edomite* of old sat under the gathering shades of evening, sometimes looking down upon the congregated thousands and the stirring scenes in the theatre beneath, or beyond upon the palaces and dwellings in the area of the then populous city.

Farther on in the same range, though, in consequence of the steps of the streets being broken, we were obliged to go down and ascend again before we could reach it, was another temple, like the first, cut out of the solid rock, and, like the first too, having for its principal ornament a large urn, shattered and bruised by musket balls; for the ignorant Arab, believing that gold is concealed in it, day after day, as he passes, levels at it his murderous gun, in the vain hope to break the vessel and scatter a golden shower on the ground.

The shades of the evening were gathering around us as we stood for the last time on the steps of the theatre. Perfect as had been the fulfilment of the prophecy in regard to this desolate city, in no one particular has its truth been more awfully verified than in the complete destruction of its inhabitants; in the extermination of the race of the *Edomites*. In the same day, and by the voice of the same prophets, came the separate denunciations against the descendants of *Israel* and *Edom*, declaring against both a complete change in their temporal condition; and while the Jews have been dispersed in every country under heaven, and are still, in every land, a separate and unmixed people, "the *Edomites* have been cut off for ever, and there is not any remaining of the house of *Esau*."

"Wisdom has departed from *Teman*, and understanding out of the mount of *Esau*;" and the miserable Arab who now roams over the land, cannot appreciate or understand the works of its ancient inhabitants. In the summer he cultivates the few valleys in which seed will grow, and in winter makes his habitation in the tombs; and, stimulated by vague and exaggerated traditional notions of the greatness and wealth of the people who have gone before him, his barbarous hand is raised against the remaining monuments of their arts; and, as he breaks to atoms the sculptured stone, he expects to gather up their

long-hidden treasures. I could have lingered for days on the steps of that theatre, for I never was at a place where such a crowd of associations pressed on the mind. But the sheik was hurrying me away. From the first he had told me that I must not pass a night within the city; and begging me not to tempt my fortune too rashly, he was perpetually urging me to make my retreat while there was yet time. He said that if the Arabs at the other end of the great entrance heard of a stranger being there, they would be down upon us to a man, and, not content with extorting money, would certainly prevent my visiting the tomb of Aaron. He had touched the right chord; and considering that weeks or months could not impress the scene more strongly on my mind, and that I was no artist, and could not carry away on paper the plans and models of ancient art, I mounted my horse from the very steps of the theatre, and followed the sheik in his progress up the valley. Turning back from the theatre, the whole area of the city burst upon the sight at once, filled with crumbling masses of rock and stone, the ruined habitations of a people long since perished from the face of the earth, and encompassed on every side by high ranges of mountains; and the sides of these were cut smooth, even to the summit, hundreds of feet above my head as I rode past, and filled with long continued ranges of open doors, the entrances to dwellings and tombs, of which the small connecting staircases were not visible at a distance, and many of the tenements seemed utterly inaccessible.

MISCELLANY.

THE BROKEN CRUTCH.

ONE hot day in the month of June, a poor sun-burnt sailor, with but one leg, was going along the road when his crutch broke in halves, and he was forced to crawl on his hands and knees to the side of the road, and sit down to wait till some coach or cart came by, whose driver he could ask to take him up. The first that passed that way was a stage coach: but the man who drove it was a surly fellow he would not help the sailor, as he thought he should not be paid for it. Soon after this the tired sailor fell asleep upon the ground and though a thick shower of rain came on, yet he still slept; for sailors when on board their ships, have to bear all sorts of weather; when the wind blows, the waves often dash over the deck of the vessel, and wet the poor sailors to the skin, while they are pulling at the ropes and shifting the sails. When the lame sailor awoke, he found a boy's coat and waistcoat laid on his head and shoulders to keep him from being wet; and the boy sat by, in his shirt, trying to mend the broken crutch, with two pieces of wood and some strong twine. "My good lad," said the sailor, "why did you pull off your own clothes to keep me from being wet?" "O," said he, "I do not mind the rain; I thought the large drops of rain that fell upon your face would awake you, and you must be sadly tired to sleep so sound on the ground. See! I have almost mended your crutch, which I had found broken; and if you can lean on me and cross your under field to my uncle's farm house, I am sure

he will get you a new crutch. Pray do try to go there. I wish I was large enough to carry you on my back."

The sailor looked at him with tears in his eyes, and said, "When I went to sea five years ago, I left a boy behind me; if I should find him such a good fellow as you seem to be, I shall be happy as the day is long, though I have lost my leg, and must go on crutches all the days of my life."

"What was your son's name?" the boy asked. "Tom White," said the sailor, "and my name is John White."

When the boy heard these names, he jumped up, threw his arms around the sailor's neck, and said, "My dear, dear father, I am Tom White, your own little boy."

How great was the sailor's joy, thus to meet his own child, and to find him so good to those who wanted help!

Tom had been taken care of by his uncle, while his father was at sea, and the sun burnt, lame sailor found a happy home in the farm house of his brother; and though he now had a new crutch, he kept the old one as long as he lived, and showed it to all the strangers who came to the farm as a proof of the kind heart of his dear son Tom.

LIFE LIKE A BROOK.

I WISH I were like this little stream of water. It takes its rise nearly a mile off; yet it has done good even in that short course. It has passed by several cottages in its way, and afforded life and health to the inhabitants. It has watered their little gardens as it flows, and enriched the meadows near the banks. It has satisfied the thirst of a flock that are feeding aloft on the hills, and perhaps refreshed the shepherd's boy who sits watching his master's sheep hard by. It then quietly finishes its current in this secluded dell, and agreeably to the design of its Creator, quickly vanishes in the ocean.

May my course be like thine, thou little rivulet! Though short be my span of life, yet may I be useful to my fellow sinners, as I travel onward! Let me be a dispenser of spiritual support and health to many! Like the stream, may I prove the poor man's friend by the way, and water the souls that thirst for the river of life whenever I meet them! And, if it please thee, O my God, let me, in my latter end, be like this brook. It calmly, though not quite silently, flows through this scene of peace and loveliness, just before it enters the sea. Let me thus gently close my days likewise; and may I not unusefully tell to others of the goodness and mercy of my Saviour, till I arrive at the vast ocean of eternity.—*Leigh Richmond.*

WAR.

I AM adverse to war. I think it an absurd way of settling disputes, and I respect the man who gives a loaf of bread to the hungry, more than I do him who has stormed a fortress. Courage is a quality that man shares in common with the brute, and even the insect. The fly that torments you in summer, has as much of it as Sir John Colburne. But nature has thought proper to make mankind pugnacious, so when individuals quarrel, they go to blows—when nations differ,

go to war. A certain number of men are paid for being shot at like Christmas turkeys—some are shot down—the rest look very consequential, and by and by both parties become tired, and patch up a peace. This is glory.—*J. G. Brooks.*

A CROP OF PUNS.—When Miss Ellen Tree made her debut in London, Sam Rogers, who was in the side boxes, observed, it must be a promising season which brought *Trees out so early*, (alluding to the younger branches of the family.) "Yes," said a wagging who sat by, and there's not a *plane Tree* amongst them." "Assuredly not," replied Mr. Rogers, with one of his winning smiles, "they are all *pop'lar Trees*, sir!"

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

P. M. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$2.00; L. B. Lonsallville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Kingsboro', N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Hope, N. Y. \$1.00; A. G. B. Henderson, N. Y. \$1.00; C. M. Westfield, Ms. \$1.00; E. H. M. Saugatuck, Mich. \$1.00; S. S. D. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; H. J. C. Hanover, Pa. \$1.00; D. M. Elba, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. Yorkshire, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. G. Lanesborough, Ms. \$3.00; P. M. Oran, N. Y. \$3.00; H. N. D. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Stuyvesant Falls, N. Y. \$2.00; D. B. L. Newark, N. Y. \$6.00; C. B. King's Settlement, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. S. Greene, N. Y. \$1.00; R. G. D. Burr's Mills, N. Y. \$5.00; A. G. Plainfield, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. West Berkshire, Vt. \$1.00; J. A. S. Middle Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; M. N. Big Brook, N. Y. \$1.00; M. T. Paris Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Bethel, Ct. \$2.00; P. M. Madison, O. \$2.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Lebanon, N. H. \$5.00; P. M. Salisbury, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. South Stephentown, N. Y. \$5.00; A. H. E. Lebanon, N. H. \$1.00; W. H. R. East Bethany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Tioga Center, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Java, N. Y. \$1.00; W. E. W. Macedon, N. Y. \$5.00; J. B. S. Collinsville, N. Y. \$6.00; J. H. H. Center Cambridge, N. Y. \$5.00; B. M. Madison, O. \$1.00; P. M. Tomhannock, N. Y. \$1.00; A. N. East Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00; A. M. K. Greenport, N. Y. \$2.00; P. V. D. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. M. Gallatinville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. P. The Square, N. Y. \$1.00; L. B. Lee, Mass. \$1.00; P. M. C. Lee, Mass. \$1.00; E. M. G. Little Falls, N. Y. \$3.00; P. M. Morrisville, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Chateaugay, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. F. Pike, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Town Line, N. Y. \$1.00; G. B. S. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. R. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Hampton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Clarkville, N. Y. \$2.00; A. W. N. Westboro', N. Y. \$1.00; D. W. Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. L. Salisbury, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. C. Guilderland, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Barry, Mich. \$2.00; A. B. J. Stockport, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Alexander, N. Y. \$4.00; W. P. Knowlesville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Morrisville, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Cheshire, Mass. \$2.00; H. M. Moretown, Vt. \$1.00; S. H. Adams, Ms. \$1.00; A. M. B. Warren, N. Y. \$0.75; A. S. M. Palatine, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Busti, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Fredonia, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Broad Brook, Ct. \$5.00; H. B. H. Canaan 4 Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. Marengo, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Johnsonburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; S. T. Paris, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Corinth, N. Y. \$1.00; S. B. Nashville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Wyoming, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Wilson, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Brighton, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Madrid, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Schodack Landing, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. F. Somerset, N. Y. \$2.00; P. E. H. North Haverhill, N. H. \$3.00; P. M. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. South Williamstown, Ms. \$4.00; P. M. Chester, N. Y. \$2.00; E. K. Monroe, Mich. \$3.00; L. L. S. Branford, Ct. \$4.00; P. N. Kern, N. Y. \$1.00; J. D. T. Warren, N. Y. \$1.00; W. B. South Rutland, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Clear Creek, N. Y. \$5.00; F. M. Watertown, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. Oriskany, N. Y. \$1.00; L. H. L. Pendleton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. Xenia, O. \$2.00; P. M. Tivoli, N. Y. \$2.00; H. E. M. Elvira, O. \$1.00; P. M. East Poudney, Vt. \$5.00; P. M. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$5.00; P. M. Unionville, N. Y. \$2.00; H. H. East Constable, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. South Hammond, N. Y. \$1.00.

DEATH.

In this city, on the 22d ult. Charlotte Ann, daughter of John and Maria Scott, in her 2d year.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Sarah S. Jewett, in her 57th year.

On the 24th ult. Orlando B. son of Elam and Catharine Nichols, in his 5th year.

In the city of New York, on the 23d ult. William A. son of the Rev. William Whitaker, aged 5 years.

"Farewell! we shall not soon forget!
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
Our memories warmly treasure yet,
Thy feature's calm and mildly sweet;
But not!—that look is not the last—
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word, Farewell!"

On the 23d ult. at New Haven, Miss Angelica Gilbert, only daughter of Ezekiel Gilbert, Esq. of this city, in her 53d year.

At his residence, in Hill-date, on the 13th ult. Dr. Benjamin House, in the 61st year of his age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

"For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it shall sprout again; and that the tender branch thereof shall not cease."—JON, xiv. 7.

Ah yes! I know there is hope of a tree,
When it fades, it shall bloom again;
But is there a hope that man shall be
After this life so vain?

Shall he arise from out the dust,
After he once resigns his trust?

Ah! tell me—shall man again awake,
Arise from death, again to bloom;
Shall he the iron fetters break,

And start, exulting, from the tomb?
If not, why has he—tell me why—
Such thirst for immortality?

A voice to me, comes from the throne,
It tells me, "man shall live again;"
And through Heaven's arches swiftly borne,
Earth sounds once more the joyous strain.

Yes, man shall live no more to die,
Shall dwell in endless bliss on high,
Then why should he shrink from the tomb?
Why shudder thus, at Jordan's tide?
The valley's dark, 'tis filled with gloom,
But is not Jesus at his side?
Ah! man, methinks, should trust his power
To save, e'en in the darkest hour.

Spencertown, July 28, 1839. CASSIOPEA.

For the Rural Repository.

THE QUILL OF LORD BYRON.

A QUILL with which Byron had scribbled from Rome
To the beautiful Countess of G***,
Or wrote a few lines in some tragical tome,
Was bestowed on a friend who acknowledged his home

In the land of the simple and free.

So he bore the white pledge o'er the treacherous main,

Unhurt 'mid the element's strife,
And he gazed on it oft with affectionate pain,
For he might not behold the bright being again
Who had honored the same with his knife.

And still when around the gay festival board
The family circle convene,
And each of loved relics exhibits his hoard,
That treasured memento, that gift of a Lord,
That *goose-Quill*, unaltered is seen.

Now it is not supposed that the talented bard
Was remarkably neat with a quill,
For he wrote such a scrawl that to read it was hard,
Which would not be the case if his pen was prepared
With any particular skill.

Nor yet was the charm in the feather I ween;
You can find them wherever you roam;
There are just such as that at the stationer's seen,
I can pick up as good in the poultry-yard green,
By my own little cottage at home.

Then where was the charm of the wonderful quill?
'Twas the gift of a Poet, I know,
Whose magic the souls of his readers could thrill,
Transporting their feelings, in spite of their will,
To the regions of bliss or of woe.

He was noble and beautiful. All he possessed
Must be noble and beautiful too,
From the plume that adorned his imperial crest.
To the veriest button that shone on his vest,
Or the buckle that fastened his shoe.
They say you can notice the hue of the ink,
That retains its appropriate place,
For even Lord Byron, it seems, did not think
To remove the black liquid, and who would not shrink
To impair so affecting a trace.

No, let it remain. 'Tis the emblem of him
In whose service it once was employed,
For thus was the close of his pilgrimage dim,
And clouded by shadows gigantic and grim
The light of his hopes was destroyed.
Thus, high as the wing of the wild bird in flight
The star of his glory arose;
It reflected the sunbeams in flashes of light
But alas, it was tinged with the hue of the night,
As the tempest-born meteor glows.

There are stains on the life of the poet and sage,
Like the traces of ink on the quill;
There's a shadowy gloom on the loveliest page,
There's a darkness unsoftened by distance or age,
And it hangs o'er his memory still. FIDELIA.

From the Baltimore Athenæum and Visitor.

THE VALUE OF AFFECTION.

BY MISS LUCY SEYMOUR.

"Cast not affection from thee."—MRS. HEMANS.

HAST thou a Mother? prize her love,
And guard her breast from every pain,
A mother's love but ONCE we prove—
Press to thy heart that golden chain.

HAST thou a Father? let thy care,
Make life to him pass smoothly on,
His comforts seek, his sorrow cheer,
Thou'lt miss a father's love when gone.

HAST thou a Sister? let her be
A second self respect the tie,
Bid her repose her heart on thee,
And ever on her truth rely.

HAST thou a Brother? strive to win,
O'er all his acts a mild controul,
That he may start aghast from sin,
Lest he should wound his sister's soul.

HAST thou a Friend? oh! friendship's not,
In this cold world, a common thing,
Show me a friendship free from blot,
I bid thee prize the offering.

Cherish each bud, prune not one leaf,
Lest that should make the stem decay,
And disappointment turn to grief,
The hopes which lit thy onward way.

Is there a breast which bears the dart,
Of warm but *hopeless* love for thee?
Deal gently with that wounded heart,
Nor coldly mock its misery.

Affection is a costly boon,
Though poured at many a worthless shrine,
And thou mayst learn alas! too soon,
Vainly for such a gift to pine.

Then scorn not *true* affection's beam,
What fount hath lent its light,
Thou yet mayst gaze down memory's stream,
And deem its radiance passing bright.

Who from her, love, *unmoved*, can throw,
No matter what the form it wears,
If 'tis sincere—may live to know,
In human love she hath no share.

That all the ties which bound her heart,
Are given; sundered, parted away,

And from the world she stands apart,
Allied to nought but mouldering clay.
Then cast not thou affection by—
Yet one more word, remember this,
Thou hast a Friend beyond the sky,
Whose love enduring, changeless is.
Earthly affection, all will fade,
Beneath the frost of death or time,
But His will flourish undecayed,
Through every age, in every clime.

THE PAST.

BY R. S. S. ANDROSS.

THE Past! How doth the spirit love
Upon its shadowy track to turn,
And pour her fond complaints above
Sad Memory's hallowed urn!
For all are there! the Hopes—the Fears,
Which checkered childhood's dreamy hours,
The Joys—the Grievs of after years,
And young Love's faded flowers!
The pleasant ones of Love's glad spring,—
Whose smiles were sunshine to the soul;
Whose tones awoke each gentler string,
As o'er the heart they stole;
The beautiful—the loved—the dead,
Who fell like flowers, the chilling air
Hath blighted, ere their leaves were spread,—
All—all are gathered there!
Where—where are the haunts of childhood now—
In which blithe hearts were wont to meet,
And forms so light that scarce did bow
The grass beneath their feet?
To whom, through the long summer's day,
'Twas bliss on some green bank to lie,
And mock the wild bird's happy lay,
Or chase the butterfly.
Where—where the golden dreams which threw,
Their radiance on the Future's night,
Tinged its dim sky with heavenly hue,
And made its darkness, light?
The Hopes, that o'er Life's lengthening track
On gorgeous wings of splendor rolled,
And from their bright plumes scattered back,
Rich showers of gems and gold?
Where—where the scenes of early years;
The haunts which young affection knew?
Where Love waxed strong 'mid smiles and tears
As flowers in sun and dew—
Gone like the pageant of a dream!
Faded—like lips when life hath fled!
Vanished—like shadows on a stream!
Hushed—as the voiceless dead!—
It may be weakness to lament—
It may be weakness to bemoan—
And tears, perchance, are idly spent
On things forever flown!
Yet deeply doth the spirit love
Unto the shadowy Past to turn,
And pour her fond complaints above
Sad Memory's hallowed urn!

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